THE FIGHT OF THE REAR GUARD Exciting Times in Covering the Retreat After the Battle.

A BUNGRY NIGHT-PONY-BIB ROASTS FOR BREAK-FAST-BURNING THE INDIAN VILLAGE AND CON-CEALING THE SOLDIERS' GRAVES-ON TO THE RILLS-A SPIRITED FIGHT-SAFE AT LAST.

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Morning of September 10 broke wet, raw and cold. A mist hovered over the surface of the earth and wisps of cloud floated across the face and summits of the buttes, sometimes hiding them entirely from our view. Well out on the slopes, crouching behind their improvised standard bearer had discreetly kept it furled, rifle-pits, our pickets could be seen warily therefore, on this eventful morning, and now watching for the first appearance of the Sioux. Between them and our lines, securely hoppled and carefully guarded were the herds of cavalry horses and pack mingled with the mists and told of preparations for breakfast-such as it was. Fat, grass-fed pony, or even Indian-cured buffalo beef, was better than the tough and stringy horse meat we had been living on for several days, so that we were much better off than we had been. and there was still left a little coffee and sugar. Word had been passed from troop to troop at the first gray of dawn to "get breakfast and be ready as soon as possible."

READY FOR WHAT? Of course we knew that another fight was to be flag nearly expected, but it would have to be defensive on right ear, and I gave an equally absurd "duck" our part. We had not a horse in the whole brigade that could make a quarter of a mile at the sigh of discomposure until he reached a little trot. Up on the Yellowstone, twenty days before, we had got enough forage from Gen. Terry's quartermaster to give each horse about four quarts apiece on two occasions, but from that time to this they had had nothing but what they could pick up, and you can fancy what that amounted to when I tell you that far and near the Indians had scoured the country, burning off the grass and starting great prairie fires that were only ended by the drenching rains of September. We could not use them to attack and pursue, for the Indian ponies, who could thrive and grow fat and hearty on the cottonwood boughs in the Little Missouri and the Grand river bottoms, could run all around our worn-out chargers. On the other hand we knew that Crazy Horse and his band had been so badly worsted in their senseless assault of the previous evening that they would be unlikely to make another attack on Crook's ugly force. "Ready for what?" was the question.

ORDERS ARE ORDERS. Eagerly sipping our tins of steaming coffee, and wringing the rain out of our dripping blankets, and worn old slouch hats, we huddled about our fire discussing the situation, Guards and sentries had been posted all through the captured village to prevent the men from plundering various lodges. General Crook had decided that such light and valuable trophies as they could carry should go to Major Mill's battalion-the original captors, but as neither horses nor mules could bear any weight, the men were not to be allowed to take the fine buffalo robes or the stacks of beaver skins that lay about in such profusion. It was not long before we found out what was to be done. A staff officer came to me with orders from and burn every lodge, every scrap of Indian whirl about and scatter for shelter. property, every robe, skin or peltry to be told, had been sent to Major Powell, of the 4th infantry, and he and I were to work in conagain the Indians dash. On the western end of But you spoke of Mr. Barton." aboriginal dwelling places themselves were dripping on the outer surface, but inside them were combustibles innumerable, and in half an hour we were plunging on the outer surface, but inside them were combustibles innumerable. Once more the reunited line is nearing us and Gen, Carr, satisfied that all Mrs. CLOUDS OF BLINDING SMOKE,

and an atmosphere heavily charged with all manner of odors except those of Araby, the visited by both smoke and smell, and blinked farther and farther away. We are now full their smarting eyelids, and held their two miles from his rearmost files and a mile noses, and blasphemed the whole Sioux from Mason's columns. nation with a heartiness and unanimity that really lifted the command above the contemplation of the trials and discomforts of the past week. Powell and I trudged around from one lodge to another cheerfully ordering on and trying duty. What if the Indians were more hides and horrors at every fire, and yet to dash around our flanks and cut us off. those furs were worth-could we only get them to market.

CONCEALING THE GRAVES.

Over in the next ravine to the north of that scked, our dead were solemnly, but with scant ceremony, being buried deep. Presently we saw the third and second cavalry mounting-then General Crook and his staff and escort and then our cavalry brigade commander, Gen. Merritt, with his party, rode across the main ravine and out to the south. The infantry, in long columns of twos, went swinging after them. A troop or two of horsemen deployed as skirmishers to clear the way, and a full regiment rode squarely over "the grave where our

BACK TO THE HILLS. You wonder at this, no doubt, but 'twas the only way to save the poor remains from mutilaton. A scalp is a scalp in Indian eyes, and it "square fight" or by murder in cold blood; in the face of his foe or tears it from the skull of a buried corpse. Crook had determined to destroy everything about the village; to leave behind the Indians dead, lively skirmish is at an end, and we jog along and all the Indian women and children, except the squaws and papeoses of the four "bucks" we had dragged out of the hole in the hillside, and to go on his way to the Black Hills. It was the only thing left for do, and he well knew that the moment he was gone the surrounding warriors, like so many wolves-their nearest kinwould rush in to find the graves of our dead and dig out the bodies to scalp and hideously mutilate them. Even that satisfaction was to be denied the "braves" of Crazy Horse in this instance, and the last resting-place of our fallen was skillfully concealed by the crunching hoofs of hundreds of troop horses. Upham's battalion is to stay and cover the

withdrawal," said a staff officer to me as I was making my way back through the thick smoke to rejoin regimental headquarters, and it occurred to me right there that Upham was BOOKED FOR A LIVELY TIME.

Sure enough. No sooner did it become apparent to the Indians, crowding all around us on the heights, that Crook's army was marching away than down they came to the burning village. They paid no attention to the long columns crawling snake-like away to the south-the pack trains with their guards, the cavalry and infantry skirmishers thrown well out on both sides and marching "by the flank." With one accord they came sweeping down from north and west, yelling rage and defiance. and blazing away at the long lines of cavalry skirmishers, dismounted to stand them off. At last all the pack-trains, all the surgeons with their wounded on tracois, all the guarding infantry, and half the cavalry were clear of the thick black smoke, and slowly marching under the low-hanging clouds on their southward way. Then slowly and sullenly the covering battalions, Mason's on the west, and Van Vleit's (I think) on the north, fell back to the outskirts of the ruined prairie city, mounted under cover of the then I know that, waking or sleeping. I have a smoke and rapidly crossed our ravine, and then strong though silent orator working for me; came Upham's turn.

IN A DANGEROUS POSITION. I had found Gen. Carr with the headquarters party, all in saddle, and an orderly holding my borse. Mounting at once, and briefly report- secure the services of such an agent as this ing that my duties were complete and every- shrewd merchant referred to, advertise in THE duced to ashes, I took such a survey of the situation as the drifting smoke would allow. Washington. Upham's horses were being led away south-ward in the wake of Mason's battalion; the men dismounted and, facing north in long lively fusilade was going on over that ridge between the attacking hostiles and the few scouts and troopers who had hung back to see the last of it. Up our ravine, half a mile away, I could see warrior after warrior come dashing into view around a point of bluff and gallop down toward the village. What General Carr meant by sitting placidly there between Upham's lines and the ridge on which the Indians must appear in five minutes, I could not imagine. Most of the headquarters party began to hitch uneasily in their saddles. I am free to say that for one I thought it high time to be getting out of that, but the adjutant is not supposed to know enough of Indian fighting to venture on giving

RETURN OF THE INDIANS. Presently, however, it became evident that the Indians had discovered the abandoning athe burning town, and with one accord,

whooping and yelling, in they rushed and THE FIRST INAUGURAL BALL. the lingering scouts came tumbling over the ridge and down past our party in ludicrous confusion. At the same instant some of Upham's men, farthest to the west, opened fire, and then at last my phlegmatic chief remarked with exasperating slowness: "We-ll-I guess we might sta-rt. " We were the last in the infernal hole, and that was probably what the commander of the 5th desired to have said. Just as slowly he reined about, rode deliberately across the ravine, his adjutant, sergeant-major and the headquarters party following in prescribed order, and then no sooner was he out of the slopes behind Upham's line, and clear of the smoke, than he looked around. Wherever that confounded old white and red signalflag of his was seen the Indians seemed to lose all interest in intervening objects and to concentrate their attention on that. The the commander missed it.

"Where's that flag of mine?" he demanded; "up with it!" COOLNESS UNDER FIRE. So up it went and and in less than a minute, mules-gaunt, attenuated skeletons barely able as we rode slowly away, with our backs to to stagger. In the ravines the men were carly the swarming foe, the bullets began whirring, whistling and singing past our ears. Napoleon used to say that, "facing the enemy." most men could keep up a bold front,

but that Ney was the only man he knew who could preserve his sang froid with his back to the blazing musketry. Whether it was on "the burnt child shuns the fire" principle or not, I cannot say, but I had been perforated by Indian bullets a couple of years before; the wound had not yet healed and no more were needed just then, especially in the back. A zipping missile aimed at that absurd cut away the lobe of my ridge and there we halted to look around, the whole party meantime damning in soldier sotto voce the fates that made us ride at slow walk. backs to a firing foe, and forbidden to face

about and fight. A SPIRITED SCENE. It was a spirited scene that met our eyes. Southward, over a mile away, Crook's long columns were crawling slowly over the dips and swoles of the prairie. Westward, Ma-son's battalion in columns of twos was thrown out on the right flank to guard against sudden dash from the range of heights, parallel to the line of march and only 2.000 yards away. Eastward were the interminable indulations of upland prairie. Northward, the dense pallof smoke from the burning village and the swarms of darting, dashing Indians on its southern verge. Close at hand, at appropriate intervals, were the horses of the five troops of Upham's battalion with their "holders" and guards sitting quietly in saddle, and half way down the long, gentle slope a rank of skir-mishers stretched at five yards' intervals from right to left across the prairie, slowly falling back, face to the foe, and keeping up steady and well-aimed fire. Midway be-tween them and us was the tall form of the tween bearded major commanding, on his big brown charger, and by his side his battalion adjutant, the same Wisconsin lieutenant of whom I told your readers two weeks ago as making the night ride with me in the Nez-Perces campaign of '77. Even as we turn and gaze the Indians make a combined rush in hopes of spreading panie in the line and inducing the

"HALT! LIE DOWN!" ring the orders from the troop commanders, and such a volley greets the charging Sioux that General Crook to take such men as I needed long before they get within close range they in disciplined silence and steadmess the long found in the village. Similar orders, I was line rises and retires, Half-a-dozen wounded cert. Orders were orders. Everything out- the line Capt, Leib's men have seized a little and, firing over the heads of the retiring skir.

DANGER AVERTED. Nobody seems to give a backward glance to see how Upham is getting on with his awkward ruefully figuring up the thousands of dollars Cumbered with our wounded we could not well charge through them. I had hardly time to think of it when sure enough, a swarm of mounted warriors appeared scurrymg along a ridge to the east, bent, evidently, on working around Upham's right and rear. where fifth cavalry headquarters had bivou-scked, our dead were solemnly, but with scant move; he was down in the swale and could not. "Ride down and warn him!" are the colonel's brief orders, and away we go, my raw-boned charger and I. Upham sees the new danger at a glance. A word

to Colonel Keilogg, the commander of I troop, and his men leap for their horses, swing into saddle, and in another moment are deploying as skirmishers and driving the would-be flankers before them like chaff before a gale, Once, too, they peer around the other flank, but are saluted with such a wicked fire from M troop that they go tumbling back, yelling like devils, but ducking down behind their scampering ponies. And so for a full mile more they follow in our

wake, but not a man can they nab in all the long line. Not once do they break or "phase" makes no difference whether he wins it in a it. Every time they make a dash the troopers face them, and the misty air fairly rings with ether it is a soldier's or a helpless child's: the clamor of our carbines, and at last reluctwhether he hews it off with dripping knife antly they draw away and leave us in peace. "Mount!" is signaled from the trumpet at headquarters. Troop after troop swings into saddle horses, and by 8 o'clock the CHARLES KING. to catch Crook.

> A Rainy Evening. Across the sky of steely grey The dark clouds hurry by: The wind, along its dreary way. Goes onward with a sigh.

The road in every rain-filled place Within the darkness shines; And passing wheels have left their trac-In ghostly, glimmering lines.

An ancient church tower, dark and high. Holds up its cross of gold, A silhouette against the sky. In shadows, dull and cold.

Now, one by one, each flashing light Gleams forth and silent meets The long reflections, strange and bright, That flicker in the streets.

The sounds of night are changed and dull; A dreary undertone Of falling rain fills in each bull Of hoof-beats on the stone.

Yet by the window's light I mark A little branch of bloom, That sends me softly through the dark. Its breath of faint perfume.

And all the night's long rainy hours Are filled with warmth and light For the childish hand that laid the flowers Upon the sill to-night. -JESSIE PIERSON.

A wealthy London merchant gives the

secret of his business success as follows: "I always feel happy when I am advertising, for one who never tires, never makes mistakes, and who is certain to enter the households from which, if at all, my trade must come." To sing combustible in a fair way of being re-

Now the trees are being covered with their leaves of shining green, Soon the roses and the fuchsias in the garden will skirmish line, were cooly waiting for the In-dians to dash into the village and show them-

-Nebraska State Journal. Her Ways.

I do recall a hundred ways of hers-When she was angry, glad or shy, or loving; How she would pat her little foot, perverse; Or throw her arms about my neck, thus prov-

ing
The life that lay beneath her fluttering breast; The life that lay beneath her fluttering breast; How her blue-laced lids would slowly rise, And give me only glimpses of her eyes—Eyes where dear Love hid, but to me confest. These, and a hundred other woman's ways. Come back to me as I sit here and gaze Into the dimming coals, whose gentle heat Feels on my cheek like her warm lips so sweet, When near my own her face lay, and her breath Seemed like a thing beyond the touch of death.—Ricare Lane.

It was an afternoon in the early spring of the

year 1789-one of those days when the sun's warm radiance is unchecked either by cloud or touch of recent winter in the air. Over the Boston road a family coach was lumbering sleepily on its way to the city of New York, and behind it, upon a stocky bay horse, which gallantly bore his majestic rider's

weight, rode Judge Jared Chester, the owner of the horse and of the coach, and the father of the two young ladies whose pretty faces were looking with eager frequency through the windows of the vehicle. Away on the left, beyond the new-leafed trees, the spires of the town were faintly to be seen, and at such visible promise of their longanticipated goal the wondering interest of the

two young travellers was at its height. The younger pushed back the hood of her cape, and thrust her face far out into the balmy, earth-scented air.

"Jonathan might drive faster if he would," he said, impatiently, gazing with wide blue eyes toward their destination. "How strange it will be to us, Mildred! I do long to be there.' She was a rosy, dimpled little creature, seem-

ing with her disordered curls and flushed cheeks rather like a tired, eager child than a young lady on the eve of her formal introduction to the world. Her sister Mildred, on the contrary, showed to the full her twenty years of life's discipline. Her's was a fair, fine-cut face and dignified

well-controlled manner. Even the dust and fatigue of travel had but lightly set their mark upon her. The town will be strange to us. I make no she said, gently. "But have you no fear. Mollie, that we may also be strange to it?-that we may seem ill-bred, because have seen so little, and so Aunt Hobart be ashamed of us?"

"Aunt Hobart ashamed of us, indeed!" wa the scornful answer. "And pray should not her brother's children be as well born as she? And if we have not been abroad till now, we have seen fine company in our father's house. Why, then, should we fear?"

Further conversation upon the subject was here interrupted by the voice of Judge Chester, who rode up to explain to them their where abouts; and as he again fell back a slight turn in the road brought them into a suburb of the city where the thickness of the trees hid the distant prospect from view, and upon either hand spiendid mansions appeared through the shrubbery with various degrees of distinctness. As they passed further, the increasing number of other vehicles and pedestrians at-

tracted their excited attention.

"Here are other people, and there are two—three besides!" exclaimed Mollie, in delight; and they come more and more. It must be market-day." Mildred smiled doubtfully. "I do not think

that there is a market day in a great city," she "People have been coming like us to see how they will make the president, and when thirty or forty new ones come each day there must soon be very many." "If John Wadleigh should ride up among them all," said Mollie, "that would be the

grandest thing! I wish that we might meet

him, Mildred, and Mr. Barton too.' Mildred's faint color heightened, "It is formen to drop their wounded comrades and run. | ward in you to wish that," she said, with some constraint. "But if I cannot help wishing it! and I see no

harm. John was born our neighbor, and then he is so fine and handsome, and has been so much in the town that all must know him for a Again gentleman. I think we should be proud to see him.

side the teepes was soaking wet and those knoil and are reluctant to adandon it, and Up- "I had forgot, See, Mildred, see; a soldier. Quick! upon this side. Did you see how brave that. he looked? I shall love New York; I am sure

Mrs. Hobart's residence was a square brick is going well, turns slowly away. Once structure situated well within the city, upon a more the Indians swarm on the ridge we leave | corner of two streets. Standing within its doorway, she presently received her travelers with mish lines, drive shot after shot at our party | busy hospitality. In appearance she was a manner of odors except those of Araby, the and that confounded flag. Then comes a new white-haired, dignified lady of perhaps fifty blest. Officers and men, impartially, were excitement. Every moment Crook is getting years, wearing a snowy cap, kerchief and years, wearing a snowy cap, kerchief and apron, and a dark homespun gown. A smile of affectionate pride lighted her kind eyes as she beheld her nieces.
"These should be mine, brother," she said,

looking admiringly upon them. "Is it not ever the way with the world that such as they should be motherless, and such as I. childless? "What is, is for the best, Elizabeth," Judge Chester answered, gravely.

"And it is for the best that they are with m now," she returned, the momentary shadow passing from her face. "There will be grand doings in the town, children, and I have heard those speaking of your coming who will see you rightly placed in all. Young Wadleigh has been here. Brother, you may have known our neighbor Wadleigh's son at home. Ah! there are no young men like them that come out of Massachusatis; bear that in mind, my girls,

The days which followed were days of enjoy ment to Mildred, of enchantment to Mollie From the first morning of their stay they were sought out by those of their aunt's friends who had been notified of their arrival, and their beauty quickly widened the circle of their acquaintance. To Mollie the greater number of young men paid their court, for she was ever ready with her merry laugh and lively speech while Mildred was more silent and difficult to

Mildred in these days was becoming troubled for her sister. There was frequently that in Mollie's manner which seemed to her lacking in becoming modesty; and although she re monstrated, her words brought but the briefest show of reform.

At first knowing John Wadleigh, Mollie accepted his attentions with her sweetest grace; thereafter, upon the appearance of his friend and her former acquaintance, Eliott Barton, she seemingly forgot John's devotion, until, still later, meeting that dashing soldier, Colonel Grinell, she turned capricious again, and decried her other admirers as "youths, while enjoying the fascination of her new con-

There was much shopping and visiting during the days, when, being close at their aunt's side. Mildred's fears were at rest regarding her sister, but at early evening Judge Chester was prone to seek the companionship of men of his own age and station, while Mrs. Hobart, tired with the business of the day, would rest and nap in her chair, and leave her neices and their young friends to themselves.

One afternoon they strolled out of doors through the city and upon the Battery, which looks out over the bay. There was little breeze. A rosy light from the departing sun came over the burnished waves, flushing the formal poplar spires and the new-leafed branches of the willows. At anchor in the harbor lay the frigates and other vessels awaiting the morrow, which was to witness their triumphal splendor, while among them the smaller craft moved about, bearing loads of pleasure-seekers upon little tours of inspection. Ashore a great throng enjoyed goodly night with beaming eyes. That glow of proud anticipation, which all shared. warmed each heart toward its country and its neighbor. It would have been hard to find one sour or sorrowful face.

Among this company and of it walked Mildred Chester, having John Wadleigh and Eliott Barton upon either side. They were well-built men, rather above the medium height, and weight, and being of similar taste and disposition, had become fast friends at college and at the law school, where their course was not yet

complete.
Mildred, who found little charm in new faces. was never so unrestrained and merry as in the society of her young neighbor and his friend, whom she had met in John's company at her home. Among such numbers of strangers as if I knewshe now daily encountered, his voice had nearly as welcome and familiar a sound as John's own As for Miss Mollie, she had thought neither for John Wadleigh nor for Barton. Through three days she had been faithful to Colonel Grinell-to his epaulettes, his shining buttons, his heavy-hilted sword-and at his side she now walked, dazzled and delighted with her surroundings.

"And General Washington will come to-morshe said, with a small sigh, "and there will be only duty for you after that," "Wherever I may be, my heart will be with you," he answered, gallantly. "But may I not see you at the landing? Shall not you be there?"

"No; Aunt Hobart fears to be among so many. We went this morning to the stairs and brought some banners for the draping; so we saw where it will be; and even if not sooner, we shall see General Washington at the ball."
As they came nearer to the water they stopped among those who looked out upon its lovely surface; behind them the gay crowd

drifted by.
"If one sailed away and away in a right line, said Mollie, raising her arm, from which the cloak fell back, to point the course, "where would be come at last?" As she spoke she turned her head to Col.

Grinell, standing behind her, who, in mock anixety to know the exact direction that she would indicate, bent his own head that his eye might fall in a line with her uplifted arm and finger.
But here Jno. Wadleigh interposed. "You

will catch a cold," he said, in a voice of dis-pleasure. "And it is time to return. Your aunt will be troubled." Mollie would have objected, but in spite of this, and of Col. Grinell's pleading remon-

strance, Mildred carried the point against her.

Frequently before, Mollie had been able to annoy the faithful John into leaving her with about me, but only bring the right beast, and quickly, and you shall have the money twice he declined to notice her displeasure, and apon their arrival at Mrs. Hobart's mansion be

was still beside her. "And where is Mildred, then?" was Mrs. Hobart's question. "Was not Mildred with you?" "She is with Mr. Barton." Mollie answered. "They will be here very soon. Ah, yes, the foolish ones," she thought, gazing wistfully and having for the present only to follow the from the window into the gathering dusk. 'they will hasten, though they need not," And even as she thought her sister appeared in the doorway.

Contrary to custom Mildred spoke very briefly to the different members of the compresent, and then, bending over her unt's chair, asked her permission to go to her Mollie laughed. "Mildred cannot forgive

me," she said, mischievously, "because I would

have been longer by the water. When next I walk, aunt, Mildred shall stay with you.' But Mildred did not remain to defend herself. A little later Mollie entered her room, and, casting her hat and cloak upon a chair. stood with mock meekness waiting until Mil-

dred should turn and see her.
"Are you sweet?" she asked, looking up inquisitively at her sister, with her head upon "Ah, you are laughing, and I am glad, because I have something to show you. ome one has written some verses for me. See, they are here. I found them in the doorway. Mildred glanced at the paper and started. hurried on, Are they surely yours?" she asked, putting a He was le ight hand before her sister's eyes, "You should

not read them if they be not surely yours." Mollie laughed and put away the hand. They are in Mr. Barton's writing," she said, and they begin 'To M.' and 'M' is for me. Now shall I not read them? Listen. But Mildred turned hastily away, "I, at east, will not hear them," she said. they are for you they cannot be for me.

There was a short silence, then, "You lose little," said Mollie, throwing down the paper and betaking herself to her toilett. "It's all the verse than me. One must be tall and fair approach he saw with increased excitement Mildred!"

filled with tears. "You know now," she said, in a low, steady

Mechanically Mollie took up the paper and He might write them to me and mean nothing, but not to you. And father will not have him Hobart that he thought young Barton a wild appeared, and spoke with him. Wadleigh youth, and though Aunt Hobart said he was would have given his right hand to be able to youths would all be wild, still father would not

only seemed to gain composure. "People often change with time," she said quietly; "why may not father also?"

The great day of the landing had come and gone, and preparations were rapidly making for the still greater day of the inauguration. The city was alive with soldiers and sight-seers, and | hind the profile. Wadleigh knew it. It was ay with flying flags and beating drums. Day Barton's, after day Mrs. Hobart's guests devoted to visiting and the enjoyment of new experiences; and so the week flew by.

churches, or upon the streets through which | the other side; he could not shoot his friend the distinguished company must pass. From a from ambush; there was nothing for it but to window upon Broad strest those of whom we present himself when the last minute should write witnessed the ceremony taking place upon arrive, and obtain a hearing or die. the balcony of the Federal Building across the thousands of shifting heads below Barton turned again within, and presently rethey felt the impressive dignity of that brown- appeared, with slow steps, leading a lady, clad central figure. And then the booming chiefs-ah! what a glorious scene! However theroughly Judge Chester's daugh-

ters might have enjoyed themselves hereto- was a race between himself and Barton now. fore, the week succeeding the manguration by the strode along the veranda, looking neither rag, changing as it grows dry; or, stir two two them more filled with interest than to the right nor to the left, and boldly closed drachms of powdered alum into the beaten fore, the week succeeding the mauguration | He strode along the veranda, looking neither any which had preceded it. had fallen between them the sisters had been pulled himself on to the floor of the box seat. apply.

more in sympathy than ever before. They spoke together no further upon the subject, but Moliie knew that Mildred avoided the pos- wretch, or I'll fire!" sibility of tete-a-tete communication with her lover; and between admiration of her sister's take their departure, following the example of chopped parsley, salt, pepper. Season the podiscretion and pity for Barton's fruitless devo- their President, who had been among the first tion, she found little time to think of herself | to leave. Twice Mrs. Hobart had reminded her or her fancies. A prettier sight could not be imagined than

was Mollie Chester on the evening of the bail. in her gown of filmiest, palest blue, with her little light brown carls and the delicate brilliancy of her color; but prettiest of all, baps, was her delighted pride in her sister Mildred's white-robed stateliness.

"He will see you," she ventured to say, as they were leaving their room. "Oh. Mildred, be kind to him to-night." And now the evening was half danced away. An evening of unalloyed delight it had been to

Mollie, for the first President of the United Grinell, who imagined that he knew her way. States had taken her trembling hand in his, and gold-lace and epaulettes were ever at her generosity itself in his efforts to spare her the

bearing a small folded paper in his hand. "I took this from my lazy fellow without," he said to her. "He pretended to have had orders no appeal. to deliver it as you were leaving, but that was, I knew, a trick to save himself trouble. Com-

She smiled upon him brightly as she glanced | speak to her aunt." at the paper. It was in Barton's hand, announcing to her his happiness, perhaps. She had scarcely seen him during the evening, save her face and heard John Wadleigh's voice mur- an hour with a minced onion and some sprigs at Mildred's side, and he had learned, it might be, of her own intercession in his behalf. She her eyes as they placed her in the carriage. would not read his words just then. But as she was about refolding the scrap her eye caught the first sentence written upon it. "Mildred and I marry to-night," she read, and then remained motionless, gazing at the paper,

blind to its few further words, deaf to the sounds about her. A terrified sense of necessity for action recalled her to herself. She looked toward her aunt, engaged in conversation with Madame Duane: and her father? Ah, she dared not! At last she raised her eyes to her waiting young. ompanion. All the roses were gone from her

him. do you not?-John Wadleigh. I will go with you and seek him." be, John Wadleigh was never far removed. In a very few minutes they came upon him over

looking the dancers from a doorway, when with little ceremony, Mollie left the side of her escorting cavalier, who turned back into the room with a half smile.
"It's a duel about her, or my name's not Gri-

nell," he said to himself. "And here's a mess
I've made of it! Ah, lucky John. I'd chance a applied themselves to the distracted knocker shot from him myself for his good fortune, and thank him, too." Meanwhile poor Mollie had parted with her

note and her startling secret. and stood white and tearless before the "lucky John." now nearly overwhelmed by the sudden weight of his responsibility. But a short distance from them was Judge Chester, in friendly conversa-confirmed his happiness and hers. tion with a group of officers. He was a man of grave, proud manner. How would he receive such a shock as this? Like Mollie, Wadleigh dared not inform him. It might kill him, or drive him to denounce his daughter before the | man of sufficient importance to his daughter's whole assembly. "They can have been gone but a short time."

John said, presently. "I might overtake them known to him the story as it was, conjuring Mollie interrupted him. Nothing could have

helped her to preserve an outward calm as did | pulse which had overwhelmed them both, the consciousness of her father's near presence. Even now, in this second shock of hope, she was able to retain control of all but her voice the story as if it had been another man's adand words. "You will follow them," she said, speaking brokenly and rapidly, but very softly. "You

will bring her back. Ah, John, dear John, there is nobody like you in all the world! Gogo now. Do not lose time." "But you-you must be taken home." "No, no; they would miss her then. I will

stay and dance.' "Dance? You could not do it. The sus-"I can do it. Oh, do not stay to think of And, further, he spoke of the straits he had

promise." Then he turned away and left her. Only once he looked back, and amid the glit-ter of brilliant lights and gay costumes he saw Judge Chester present his friends to his daugh-ter. He saw her slender blue-robed figure courtesy deeply once, again, and again, and the sparkle of the light upon his tears blinded him. "I have loved her though I have never known her," he thought, as he hurried away. Without, in the cool half-darkness of the

Without, in the cool half-darkness of the street, he forgot all but the desire to accomplish the mission upon which she had sent him. Relieved from his first anxiety by the recollection that there was but one road which the fugitives would be likely to take, he set himself to inquire among the crowd of idlers and gossiping servants who hung about the door where a good horse was to be had for hire; and singling out a man whose knowledge best suited his need, he bribed and urged him to the utmost haste.

"Ride me the horse here," he said, "I will laughing. "I turned back for this."

Not above a half hour thereafter Wadleigh found himself clattering over the cobble pavement of Broadway toward the country. though the day had been fair and clear, the sky had become overcast since the evening. It was very dark, and a chill damp breeze was rising; straight street before him, paid no heed to his surroundings, but set himself to think over the task which he had undertaken.

In their every relation Barton had been his own loyal friend and supporter, ever showing himself a gentleman's son even in his wildest youthful pranks, and scorning a mean or dishonest act. What, then, had come to him tonight? and what had come to Mildred, to so far forget the dignified reserve which had ever been her own? And what had come to Mollie, able to take upon her chilish self that dignity which Mildred had forgotten, and to display heroism dazzling to remember? And then, great heaven! what had come to him. Wadleigh. who with no single past grudge must hound this dearest friend perhaps to his death? His brain fairly reeled under the realizing sense of his position.

"He's no scoundrel; I'll swear it," he muttered, urging on his horse. "But he shall not injure her people so—he shall not." Yet he knew that his was a desperate errand, and grimly sought the pistols in the holsters as he He was leaving the city now, and the road

was no longer paved. At the gates of some of

the residences lanterns were hung, showing

that the people living there were still abroad; but save for these occasional glimmers all was darkness. Even where the streets branched he did not tarry to make choice, but turned across into Bowery Lane, and so straight out on to the high-road. At length, after a further half-hour of hard riding, he reined in his horse. There was a house without inclosure a little way in advance of him. If it were an inn, as its lights seemed about 'heavenly eyes' and 'stately mien.' To to indicate, he might hear news; at least he call me stately! He was more anxious to fit would inquire. But as he rode up the short

and silent to be stately, like you, Mildred. that there was a coach standing before the door, and, without drawing nearer, turned Milered was standing at the mirror with her across the turf toward the side veranda, where, ack well toward the room, but at Mollie's al- | after transferring the pistols from their holsered voice she turned slowly and faced her | ters to his pockets, he dismounted and threw ister. Her cheeks were scarlet, her eyes were the bridle of his horse about a slender tree. Then, with a final summoning of all his tact and coolness, he moved past the heavily curvoice. "The verses are mine; give them to tained side windows toward the corner of the house. Cloaked as he was and in the shadow, he

placed it in her sister's hand. Her smiles and could see with slight danger of being seen. The dimples had fled together. "But, Mildred," she coach which stood before the broad door-stone aid, "how could be dare write verses to you? was ready for departure, and even as Wadleigh pansed a man mounted its driver's seat, while from the house a second figure of heavy build marry either of us. I heard him say to Aunt | and without a coat-evidently the innkeeperif the best Rhode Island families, and that bear their words, but a small dog which had followed the stout man ran barking up and down, aware of the stranger in the shadow, yet But Mildred, in the face of growing difficulty, only seemed to gain composure. "People often In the same breath Wadleigh was cursing the

mimal's noise and blessing its fears, when in the light of the doorway a third man appeared, cloaked like any traveler, and bearing heavy wrap upon his arm. As he turned his face upward toward the driver the light fell full

At the sight of his friend, strong and determined as he knew him to be, Wadleigh felt his own disadvantage almost with despair. He The perfection of spring weather adorned the had come too late to gain the landlord's car. morning of the inauguration. Very early even if his promises and penniless condition were abroad securing places in the could have prevailed over the ready money of After a word or two with the men at the door

whom he carefully placed within the coach, salutes, the resounding cheers, the flying ker- after which he once more entered the house, followed by the landlord. Like a flash Wadleigh's resolve was taken. It

the carriage door. Then he thrust a pistol in whites of two eggs till a coagulum is formed. Ever since the evening when Barton's verses the face of the astounded coachman and Place between a fold of a soft linen rag and "Drive to the city," he said, holding the pistol's muzzle to the man's head. "Drive, you The guests at the ball were beginning to

> well to her partners, but twice Mollie had and cook two minutes longer. Serve immedibegged a short reprieve. To her relief, Mrs. Hobart had not noticed Mildred's absence. per- Seeing one of her charges always near, she apparently failed to remember that it was always the same one, and time rushed by in the excitement of gossips and the dance until the hour of midnight was long gone by.
>
> With ever fainter hope Mollie's tired eyes which you would think not enough for one per-

sought among the guests who yet remained for the appearance of her returning knight. Col. other meat for three or four when used in this annoyance of observing partners, and relieve Presently, as she closed a dance with one of her from the constant necessity for exertion, those who had sought her oftenest through the Suddeniy, as he still stood beside her, she saw evening, a second admirer pressed toward her, her father hastily approaching, with a troubled fuls of ice water, add this to the flour and face and most determined air. The end had come, then. From his decision there would be on a board an eighth of an inch thick. Cut

Grinell, will you lead my daughter? I will

After that Mollie knew nothing more until she felt the rush of the damp night wind upon muring hasty words in her ear. She opened That was Mildred's white dress which brushed her knee; Mildred's hand which she covered with her own; Mildred's shoulder against which her head was leaning. She was too weak and happy to care for anything beyond. "And to be wearied out with pleasuring!" laughed Mrs. Hobart, as they drove away. "Young things like you! Oh, fie, fie! Look at

to have all over again. Ah, constitutions aren't what they were, brother, when we were But Mrs. Hobart's jesting wonder gave place cheeks. "It is bad news, sir," she managed to say to him. "I must see John. You remember Mildred appeared in the morning so white and cold and silent that her father ordered her to her room again, and sent her a strengthening From what place soever Mollie Chester might | tonic, while Mollie, heavy-eyed and forlorn, would have neither rest nor tonic for herself, but sat by her sister's side, and thought and

Hobart flew with drops and cordials or anxious the fine cracker with some butter over the top, inquiry, while below in the drawing-room Judge Chester received visits from the two

for admittance,
By little and little the problem resolved itself aright. John Wadleigh learned that he had gained the admiring confidence of the girl he loved, to an extent which nothing could shake; and her father's ready sanction and the

By John's advice Barton was for a time alhappiness, had investigated his suspected past and approved his suit, that Mildred made him to think how much happier they must be

now than if they had carried out the mad im-Thus it happened that, taming his first wrath venture; and that, wishing to have the mysterious places made clear, he was led to ask John himself regarding them. And John, with honest charging of all to befriending chance, told how he had watched at the corner of the house, and how, after seizing the coach, he had terrified the man who drove into taking a roundabout way to avoid pursuit. How he had arrived at his starting point to find Mildred unconscious with fright, and had come tull upon her father as he was carrying her to her coach. me. Only bring her back. Promise—father is coming—promise and go."

He took her hand and bent over it formally.

"My task is easier than yours" he said "II to they and wardened miles easier. er and wandered miles away

"And you cursed me for a fine scoundrel through it all," said Barton, with a half-laugh; "and you were right enough. I was led to be-lieve that Judge Chester would not give me his daughter for the asking, so I would have taken her without. It has the sound of a scoundrel's trick; yet since I love her well enough to forgive you, I will not own the name even now. There's my hand, Wadleigh, and thwart me again if you can." "Before we are off the subject," said Wad-

"Before we are off the subject," said Wadleigh, grasping the hand frankly, "tell me why in Heaven's name you turned back into the tavern that night at the last."

Barton thought for an instant, and then breaking again into a laugh, thrust his hand deep down into the pocket of his coat, and produced a small silver flask of French workmanship, which John himself had given him.

"Luck was with you, Wadleigh," he said, still

As for Mollie Chester, she learned the mean-ing of life itself through her sufferings at the first inaugural ball.

-Anne Richardson Earle, in Harper's Bazar. HOME MATTERS.

EVERY-DAY SUGGESTIONS AND USEFUL RECIPES FOR PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPERS-HOUSEHOLD HINTS FOR THE DINING-ROOM, PANTEY AND KITCHEN-THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

WHEN COOKING BEANS add one-half teaspoonful of saleratus. NEVER ALLOW FRESH MEAT to remain in pa-

per; it absorbs the juices. WHEN SPONGE-CARE BECOMES DRY it is nice to cut it in thin slices and toast,

To PREVENT THE JUICE OF PIES from soaking into the bottom crust, wash the crust over with a beaten egg before putting in the fruit. THE SAFEST AND MOST PLEASANT remedy for

gastric hemorrhage is said to be water, drank as hot as can be borne, in quantities of a halftumblerful to a tumblerful. Cocoanut Drops .- One grated cocoanut, onehalf its weight in powdered sugar, the white of

one egg beaten stiff. Drop on buttered paper. Bake in a slow oven. FINE TABLE SALT will remove odors from the hands after peeling onions or handling fish. Simply rub the hands thoroughly with it and

then wash it off. CHEESE EGGS,-Boil an egg till hard, remove the shell. Carefully cut off one end with a sharp knife. Scoop out the yoke, chop it fine and mix with it a little pepper, salt, cheese grated, and vinegar. Stuff the whites with this paste,

CLARET JELLY. -One-half of a box of gelatine

a short time and draw the ulceration to that

often found on the summer closing of dren. Rab the molasses as if it were soap on the stained place, and then wash the garment in the ordinary fashion. For cleaning windows use chamois skin instead of cloth, if you wish a bright polished surface.

Souffle.—Heat together till thick, one table—

Souffle.—Souffle.—Souffle.—Souffle.—Souffle.—Souffle.—Souffle.—Souffle.—Souffle.—Heat together tog

FOR INFLAMED EYES OR EYELIDS, use the white of an egg beaten up to a froth with two white of an egg beaten up to a froth with two furnished, and basyage checked at office, 1300 Penn sylvania avenue, and at Passenger Station, Pennsylvania avenue, and at Passenger Station, Pennsylvania

younger neice of the lateness of the hour, and the potatoes. Stir with a fork, being careful urged upon her the necessity of saying fare- not to break them. When hot, add the parsley,

> three ounces of grated cheese, a half teaspoonful of salt, and a dish of red pepper together. Beat the yelk of an egg with two tablespooncheese, work all into a smooth paste. Roll out

"Come, come, Mollie, child." he said: "do mainder into strips of one-eighth of an inch you think of no one but yourself? Your sister | wide and five inches long; place both on greased mend my honesty." he added, gazing at her with ardent eyes. "It is a billet-doux—a sonnet—yet I have brought it." is below, ill with weariness, and you would sheet and bake in a very moderate oven till a light brown. Put the straws through the Grinell, will you lead my daughter? I will rings like a boundle of fagots. rings like a bundle of fagots. CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP .- This is a nice spring soup. Cook one-quart can of tomatoes for half of parsley. Rub through a strainer fine enough to keep back the seeds. Set the saucepan over the fire with a tablespoonful of butter; stir in a heaping tablespoonful of sifted flour, and when smooth add slowly the liquid of tomatoes and a scant half teaspoonful of baking soda. Measure

the soda with a very light hand. When the

foaming stops add a quart of boiling milk, Scason to taste with salt and pepper, and pour at once into the tureen. Serve thin wafer crackme, three times your age, and able, if need be, ers with it. BAKED CREAM FISH.—Trout and whitefish are best for this. For a fish weighing three or four pounds take one pint milk, one onion, one teaspoonful of mace, two tablespoonfuls of butter, some powdered cracker and a little of sifted flour; steam the fish; when done pick it up as fine as possible; season with salt and pepper; put it in a baking pan in layers, sprinkle each layer with a little flour; do not use too much flour; boil the onion and mace in the milk, add butter, and have this sauce ready to pour over fish when it is arranged in the dish; sprinkle

> and bake the whole in a slow oven for about an hour. TEA, COFFEE, AND COCOA are three admissible drinks, but none in excess. For the voice. cocoa is the most beneficial. It should never be made too strong, and those cocoas are the best that have been deprived of their oil, A MT. VERNON: MT. VERNON: cup of thin cocoa, just warm, is to be recommended between the exertions of singing. Tea must not be taken too strong, nor when it has drawn too long, for tea then becomes acrid and has a bad influence upon the mucous membrane that lines the throat. There is always a dry sensation after having a cup of tea that has been allowed to draw too long. A vocalist had better do without sugar in tea and only take milk with it.

FROZEN STRAWBERRIES .- Mash and strain sufficient strawberries to make one quart of juice; add a pound and a half of sugar, and stir continuously until the sugar is dissolved. Stem a quart of perfectly sound, ripe berries; cut them into halves and sprinkle over a half pound of sugar and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Turn the first mixture into the freezer; pack and turn the crank until partly frozen then add the strawberries, and turn slowly and continuously until the whole is nicely frozen. Serve at once; that is, within thirty or forty minutes, or the strawberries will be too hard to be palatable. How MILK SHOULD BE KEPT .- Consumers of

milk are too often indifferent to their ways of keeping milk after it reaches them. When delivered in cans it is a common custom of many people to draw from the same as they need it, and possibly a can may not be emptied until a fresh supply is received. As soon as the milk is brought it should be poured into a glass or earthenware pitcher, and when this is emptied it should be made absolutely clean and then well aired. Those who have young children dependent upon milk food ought to receive a fresh supply of milk both morning and night, otherwise, in the warm months it is extremely liable to become unwholesome. With but few in cities is this possible, and, therefore, in summer it will be well to scald the supply when received, to prevent it becoming sour. livered in cans it is a common custom of many when received, to prevent it becoming sour.

when received, to prevent it becoming sour.

"Do you know what is the difference between you and myself?" This conundrum was hurled at a Pittsburg broker by his better half, who had been sitting up for him, when he arrived home about 1 o'clock in the morning. "Can't say, my dear," he replied: "what is it?" "You speculate all day, and I 'spec' you late at night.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

SHORT ROUTE TO LONDON.

NORDDEUTSCHER LLOYD 8. 8. CO.
Fast Express Steamers.
To Southmapton London, Havre, Bremen.
Trave, Wed., May 1, 2 nm.; Fulder, Tues.. May 14. 5:30 a.m.; Aller, Wed., May 15, 6 a.m.
Comfortable staterooms, excellent table, luxurious appointments. Prices: 1st cakin, \$100 and appointments. Prices: 1st cakin, \$100 and \$60 an adult; steerage at low rates. Apply to E.

P. DROOP, \$25 Penn. ave.

RAILROADS.

THE GREAT

PENNSYLVANIA ROUTE

TO THE NORTH, WEST, AND SOUTHWEST.

DOUBLE TRACK SPLENDID SCENERY.

STEEL RAILS, MAGNIFICENT EQUIPMENT.

TRAINS LEAVE WASHINGTON, FROM STATION,

CORNER OF SIXTH AND B STREETS, AS FOL-

CORNER OF SIXTH AND B STREETS, AS FOLLOWS:

For Pittsburg and the West, Chicago Limited Express of Fullman Vestibuled Care at 9:50 a.m. daily; Fast Line, 9:50 a.m. daily to Cincinnati and St. Louis, with Sleeping Cars from Pittsburg to Chicago, with Sleeping Car Altoons to Chicago, with Sleeping Car Altoons to Chicago, with Sleeping Car Altoons to Chicago. Western Express, at 7:40 p.m. daily, with Sleeping Cars Washington to Chicago and St. Louis, connecting daily at Harrisburg with through Sleepers for Louisville and Memphis. Facing Express 10 p.m. daily, for Pittsburg and the West, with through Sleeper to Pittsburg, and Pittsburg to Chicago.

BALTIMORE AND POTOMAC RAHLROAD.

For Eric, Canandhicus and Rochoster daily, for Buffalo and Nuarara daily, except Saturday, 10 p. m., with Sleeping Car Washinston to Rochester.

For Williamsport, Lock Haven and Elmira, at 9:50 s. m. daily, except Sanday.

with Siceptus Car Washington to Bochester.

Subdue the Pain of Blood-Blisters by immersing in spirits of camphor for five or ten minutes.

Cold Tea is the Best Thing with which to clean grained wood. Never use ammonia for this work.

Never Put Salt into Soup when cooking till it has been thoroughly skimmed, as salt prevents the scum from rising.

A Noted Practitioner Recommends tightly closing the ears by pressure and taking several sips of cold water to relieve hiccoughs.

Kisses.—Beat powdered sugar into the whites of two eggs until very thick. Bake on buttered paper, in a slow oven.

When Using the Ordinary old-fashioned whitewash of slacked lime add a small quantity of liquid bluing. It will give it a pearly white tint.

To December 21 to 20 per from making the cars of two ears and taking several signs of cold water to relieve hiccoughs.

When Using the Ordinary old-fashioned whitewash of slacked lime add a small quantity of liquid bluing, It will give it a pearly white tint.

To December 22 pain to the sum of the part of the part

For Annapoles, 7, 20 and 9 a.m.; 12:05 and 4:40 p.m. daily, except Sunday, Sundays, 9 a.m., 4:10 p.m. ALEXANDRIA AND FREDERICKSBURG RAIL-WAY, AND ALEXANDRIA AND WASHINGTON RAILROAD. For Alexandria, 4:30, 6:35, 7:45, 8:40, 9:45, 10:57 a. m.; 12:04 noon, 2:05, 4:25, 4:55, 6:01, 6:21, 8:02, 10:05, and 11:37 p.m., 0n Sunday at 4:30, 7:45, 9:45, 10:57 a. m., 2:30, 6:01, 8:02, and 10:05 p. m. Accommodation for Quantico, 7:45 a. m. and 4:55 p. m. week days, 7:45 a. m. Sundays.

Accommodation for Quantico, 7 45 a.m. Sundays, m. week days, 7 45 a.m. Sundays, For Richmond and the South, 4 :30, 10 :57, a.m. daily, and daily, except sunday, For Richmond and the South, 4:30, 10:57, a. m. daily, and 6:21 p. m. daily, except sunday. Treams leave Alexandria for Washington, 6:05, 7:05, 8:00, 9:16, 10:15, 11:07, s. m.:1:20, 3:00, 3:16, 5:10, 7:05, 8:00, 9:32, 10:32, and 11:05 p. m. On Sunday at 9:10 and 11:07 a. m.:2:00, 5:10, 7:05, 8:00, 9:32, and 10:32 p. m. Tickets and information at the office, northeast corner of 1:3th street and Fennsylvania avenue, and at the station, where orders can be left for the checking of bargage to destination from hotels and resonances. CHAS. E. PUCH.

General Manager. [ap:22] Gen. Pass. Agent.

PIEDMONT AIR LINE.
Schedule in effect APRIL 14, 1889.
S:30 a.m.—East Tennessee Mail, daily for Warrenton, Gordoneville, Charlottesville, Lynchburg, and stations between Alexandria and Lynchburg, Boanoke, Bristol, Knoxville, Rome, Calera, Monigomery, and New Orleans, Pullman Sleeper Washington to New Orleans.

ricans.

11:24 a.m.—Fast mail daily for Warrenton, Char-CLARET JELLY.—One-half of a box of gelatine dissolved, one stick of cinnamon, one pint of boiling water, three-fourths of a cupful of ciaret, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar. Strain into wet molds.

FOR AN ULCERATING TOOTH take a piece of old, thin muslin, about one and one-half inches wide, and as long as desired, wet some ground flaxseed in cold water, place in the cloth, and fold and baste it together. Place this upon the outside of the gum; it will soothe the pain in a short time and draw the ulceration to that a strain and angusta and Washington to Morristown Tenn., via Salisbury. Pullman Sleepers Charlottes-tion for time and draw the ulceration to that a short time and draw the ulceration to that a strain and Augusta and Washington to Morristown Tenn., via Salisbury. Pullman Sleepers Charlottes-tion force on C and 0 rout. Solid trains Washington to Atlanta.

2.30 p. m.—Daily, except Sunday, for Mannsans.

2:30 p. m.—Daily, except Sanday, for Manassas, Strasburg and intermedical a short time and draw the ulceration to that spot, where it can be easily lanced.

SALT DISSOLVED IN ALCOHOL is often found a good thing for removing grease spots from cloth. Molasses will remove the grass stains so cloth. Molasses will remove the grass stains so often found on the summer clothing of chilless. But the molesses as if it were soap on the summer clothing of chilless. But the molesses as if it were soap on the summer clothing of chilless. But the molesses as if it were soap on the summer clothing of chilsolid Trains Washington to Curchmatt, via C. & O.

spoonful of powdered sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, the beaten yolks of five eggs, two teaspoonfuls of corn-starch, juice of one lemon. Strain through a fine sieve. Stir till cold, add the whites of five eggs beaten stiff. Bake in a buttered mold set in bat water. the whites of five eggs beaten stiff. Bake in a buttered mold set in hot water. Eat with currant jelly.

FOR INFLAMED EVES OR EVELOR 1886 the analysis of the control of th

a.m. Tickets, sleeping-car reservation and information vania Kailrond, 6th and B streets, ap 17 JAS, L. TAYLOR, Gen. Pass. Agent. BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD. Schedule ineffect March 10, 1889.

Leave Washington from station corner of New Jersey avenue and C street.

Ease between a fold of a soft linen rag and apply.

Lyonnaise Potatoes,—One quart of cold boiled potatoes, cut into dice; three tablespoonfuls of butter, one of chopped onion, one of chopped parsley, salt, pepper. Season the potatoes with the salt and pepper. Fry the onions in the butter, and when they turn yellow add the potatoes. Stir with a fork, being careful not to break them. When hot, add the parsley, and cook two minutes longer. Serve immediately on a first dish.

Dropped Eggs with Ham.—Drop eggs in boiling salted water; when done arrange on a hot platter and sprinkle with chopped ham, either boiled or fried, which has been heated hot in a tin for a moment. A bit of cold ham which you would think not enough for one person will make a good appetizing meal without other meat for three or four when used in this way.

Cheese Straws.—Mix two ounces of flour, three ounces of grated cheese, a half teaspoontage.

Ecave March 10, 1889.

Leave March 10, olis 6:40, 8:37 a.m., 12:05, 4:10 p.m. Sunosys, 5 a.m., 4:10 p.m. or Stations on the Metropolitan Branch, 16:25, 1:10 a.m., 11:15 p.m. for principal stations only; 0:10 a.m., 14:35 and 15:30 p.m. or Garbersburg and intermediate points, 19:00 a., 112:30, 14:40, 5:35, 111:20 p.m. for God's and intermediate stations, 17:00 p. m., 10:10 p. m., 11:10 p.m., 11:10 p.m.,

10:005 p. m. Cituren train leaves Washington on Sunday at 1:15 stopping at all stations on Metropolitan Branch. Frederick, †10:10 a. m., †4:35 and †5:30 p. m. undays, 1:15 p. m. For Hagerstown, †10:10 a. m. and †5:30 p. m. Prants arrive from Chicago daily 8:35 a. m. and 9:35 b. m.; from Chicago and 8t Louis daily 6:20 a. m. and 1:55 p. m.; from Pittsburg \*8:35 a. m., 17:20 and \*9:35 p. h.;

NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA DIVISION. NEW YORK & PHILADELPRIA DIVISION.

For New York, Trenton, Newark and Elizabeth, N.
J., 18:00, "9:30, "11:25 a. in., "2:30, "4:15 (vestibuled limited) and "10:30 p. m. Buffet Parior Cars on all day trains. Sleeping Car on the 10:30 p. m., open at 9:00 p. m.

For Phinadelphia, Newark, Wilmington and Chester, 18:00, "9:30, "11:25 a. m., "2:30, "4:15, "8:00 and "10:30 p. m. For Atlantic City "11:25 a. m.

For inter chate points between Baltimore and Philadelphia, 6:30 a. m., "2:35 and "4:39 p. m.

Trains leave New York for Washington, "8:30, 11:300 a.m., "1:30, "2:30, "4:45 p. m. and "12:00 night. Trains leave Philadelphia for Washington, \*4:10, \*8:15, \*11:15 a. m., †1:45, \*4:15, \*5:15, and \*7:30

Barriare called for and checked from hotels and residences by 1 mion Transfer Co. on orders left at ticket offices, 615 and 1351 Pa. ave.

W. M. CLEMENTS,
Gen. Manager.

Gen. Pass. Ag't.

POTOMAC RIVER BOATS. ON AND AFTER MAY 7, 1889, THE STEAMER O N AND AFTER MAY 7, 1889, THE STEAMER AATTANO, having been relouit, will leave 7th street wharf on SUNDAYS, TUE-SDAYS, and THURS-DAYS, at 7 a. m., for Potomac river landings, as far as Mattox creek. Grinder's wharf, Sundays down and Wednesdays up. Brent's and Chapel Point, Thursdays down and Mondays and Wednesdays up.

E. L. TOLSON, Agent, 7th st. wharf, my4-3m JNO, McGAHEE, Agent, Alexandria, Va.

POTOMAC TRANSPORTATION LINE. For Baltimore and River Landings, Steamer Sue, Capt. Geogliegan, leaves Stephenson's Wharf every Sunday at 4 o'clock p. m. For further information

Leaves 7th-street wharf daily (except Sunday) for Mt. Vernon and River Landings as far down as Glymont, at 10 o'clock a. m. Returning, reaches Washington about 3:30 p. m.

STEPHENSON & BRO.

POR POTOMAC RIVER LANDINGS.

NEW IRON STEAMER "WAKEFIELD"
Leaves 7th-street wharf on MONDAYS, THURSDAYS
and SATURDAYS at 7 a. m. Returning TUESDAYS,
FRIDAYS and SUNDAYS p. m. touching at River
Landings as far as Nomini Creek, Va., St. Clements Bay
and Leonardtown, Md. Connects with B and O. R. R. at
Shepherds. See schedule. JOHN B. FADGETT. Agt.
C. W. RIDLEY, Manager. C. W. RIDLEY, Manager.

OCEAN STEAMERS.

mh6-6m

Atlantic Express Service.

LIVERPOOL via QUEENSTOWN.

Steamship "CITY OF ROME" from New York
WEDNESDAY, May 29, June 26, July 24, August 21,
Saloon passage, 640 to \$100, Second Class, \$30.

GLASGOW SERVICE.

Steamers every saturday from New York to
GLASGOW and LONDONDERRY.

Cabin Passage to Glassow, Londonderry or Liverpool,
\$50 and \$60. Second Class, \$30.

Steerage passage, either service, \$20.

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